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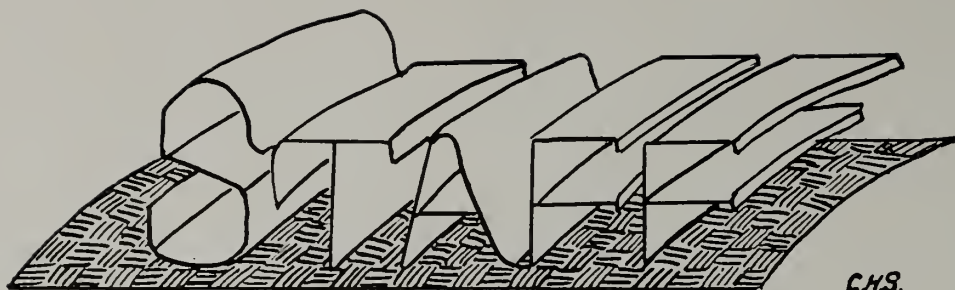
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CONTENTS

FEATURES

- Many brave hearts are asleep in the deep. Put on your diving helmet and hold your breath ("the descent to Avernus is easy"). Look what you come up with **DE PROFUNDIS.** Page 9
- The Swami gazes into his crystal ball. We cross his palm with car checks. From the ball—a mist of smoke. As it clears the Swami speaks and inquires **FRAUS AUT MONSTRUM.** Page 14

HUMOR

- That man's in again. "Corny cracks and atrocious puns; serious nonsense and foolish wisdom." Who is he? Who else but the **REGISTRI RELATOR RABIENS.** Page 18
- Put on a loose shirt. Limber your sides—prevent splitting and harken to our exhortation **CACHINNEMUS.** Page 28

DEPARTMENTS

- Three handsome masters grace this month's **Register**. Yes, sir (we're polite), it's **DOMINI NOSTRI MAGISTRIQUE.** Page 20
- Hurry, hurry, hurry; or you'll have to get a late slip. You must be in your seat when the bell begins to ring for the **HORA SEPTIMA.** Page 22
- After three months of this, there can be no doubt. You'll groan and sigh and gnash your teeth as you discover that **NON TAM SAPIENS.**
- More pictorial views of Latin School life in the sub-surrealistic manner. **'TIS A PAGE OF CARTOONS.** Page 23

SPORTS

- The curtain rings down on hockey and track. Dust off the plate and take a whack at the old apple with the team in the .. **AGMEN PURPUREUM.** Page 24

HOLD TIGHT!

There's more—an editorial about the sea and ships, and another re Declamation await. P.S. English-Latin dictionaries will be on sale in the **Register** Office, Room 228, any time from today on, for the dirt-cheap price of \$1.00. Things have come to a pretty pass when you have to pay an extra dollar to read the **Register**, ain't they? (Why, Editor, what English!)

"SPUNKIES" TOBIN, HOGARTY, NAGLE, ANDERSON

George Alexander Walton

of the Class of 1940

who met his death in the tragic street car accident of March 7th while attempting to save another's life

and

Francis Peter DeVincentis

of the Class of 1939

whose untimely death cut off a promising career

THE SCHOOL MOURNS FOR THEM



E SELLA CURULI

De Nautis

IN this machine age, this age of convenience, we may become forgetful of another age, when a world of romance was contemporary, and was held out to the youth of the day. That age was the era of Melville and of Dana, of Conrad and of Masfield. That world of romance was the sea.

Then, man was not so egoistic—or so skeptical. For the man of the sea met with a spirit stronger than himself, and profited by it. When a man lived with the elements, sleeping under the stars and working beneath the heavens, Nature would temper his spirit to her key. And so the character of the seaman became like his environment—silent, strong, hard to understand, warm with friendship, terrible in anger. Finding it inconvenient to partake of fellowship with his comrades, he took communion with his surroundings, for they, too, were his friends.

The sailor of clipper days looked upon fair weather as encouragement from a higher power to perform well his daily tasks. The soft breezes cooled him at his work, and like the slaves of an emperor, fanned his tired brow when he rested. The broad azure expanse of the skies afforded his imagination a place in which to roam, and the occasional fluffy cloud gave it a place to dwell in.

The true seaman knew that the storm was not his enemy, but only the reminder of the might of a greater being than himself. To the seaman, a night spent partly in a tossing berth, mostly on the rolling deck, in gnawing dampness, pitchy darkness, and icy winds, was not a toilsome duty or a hardship, but a test; for in his philosophy, the storm was only Poseidon's trying of the skill and strength of his followers.

That sailor of yore enjoyed moving in rhythm with the billowing waves, because he knew then that he was an integral part of something greater than himself. There can be no such thing as egoism when a man's soul recognizes that there is a power mightier than his.

As for us, we do not get a chance to rise or sway as a part of that great creation. Outside, the trees may bend before the wind, but we stand still and firm, unmoved in our hearts as well as in our bodies. The damp winds blast away at those outside, and we remain warm and dry, unaffected mentally or physically by the work of Nature.

Is this protection from the elements that we enjoy a gain or a loss? How much happier *they* were who learned humility the easy way, than *we* are, who pride ourselves in our strength, and learn to our dismay that the fall of the pride is inevitable. Perhaps you will agree that it is our loss that we shall never be able to say that we want to "go down to the sea again"; that it was their gain to know "the flung spray, and the blown spume, and sea-gulls crying." At least, however, do not scorn—or revere—the literature of that other age as "wild tales of adventure," for it represents much more than that.

Jack Levenson, '39



Deminutio Declamationis Labesque

There are many characteristics of Latin School which set it apart and, we believe, above other public secondary schools of the nation. For three centuries, classical training has been the foundation of our system of education. Among the distinguishing marks of the old school, none is more striking than Public Declamation. It has been an integral function of school life, and its excellence in the past is traditional.

Inaugurated with the laudable aim of developing voice and poise, it has been one of the school's assets. But "Public Dec" has fallen upon evil days. No longer are the five Declamations enjoyable respites from academic routine but interminable boring performances. The number of competitors in the trials has dwindled with the quality of the Declaimers. Declamation is a very sick invalid, yea, even unto death. If it does not improve, it must needs die of a lack of speakers. Boys who have known it only in recent years can hardly be expected to desire to compete. As a declaimer of four years, I feel very strongly on the subject.

There is no doubt as to the excellence of the idea as well as its efficient organization. Capable boards of judges pass on the merits of prospective candidates. But the caliber of those who compete is not high, and the judges must needs pick not the best but the one least mediocre. These candidates then prepare five-minute declamations. The result is that the school hears from fifteen to eighteen declamations, which range from the interesting to the boring, with way stations along the route.

We have several suggestions to offer to improve Public Declamation. Some years ago the committee on declamation, under the chairmanship of Mr. Marson, drew up a list of declamations which could not be spoken. This included objectionable selections and those too frequently given. But a new list has not been made in recent times. The result is that, time after time, selections are aired which have been delivered from two to five times in recent declamations. Even the audience knows some of the selections and can repeat them in unison with the speakers. Again there is a cycle of authors. Let someone deliver successfully an excerpt from MARK TWAIN, and a flood of excerpts by the same writer will be given at the next few declamations. The author remembers that when he was in IV B "The Black Rider" was a favorite, being delivered for the delectation of the audience five times. In III B "The Volunteer Organist" was the victim. And every last drop of histrionic emotion was wrung from the selection when five speakers delivered it. In class II "Buck Fanshaw's Funeral" was the *pièce de résistance*. So notorious was this selection that a public subscription fund was inaugurated to give a decent burial to the poor derelict.

Though the repetition of pieces is reprehensible, the selection of Latin themes is worse. The first "Catilinian" is annually dusted off and thrown at the protesting audience. In past years this idea got slightly out of hand as Greek and French pieces, along with the aforementioned Catiline wheeze, were given. In a recent declamation the audience took sweet revenge when for the "nth" time they heard Cicero's ancient blast against our Catiline. Knowing the selection full well, when the speaker arrived at a certain point, the audience muttered under its breath along with him, the words "O tempora, O Mores."

Up to this point, we have considered the situation in a light unfavorable to the declaimers. But why is there this repetition of pieces? Why do they turn to ancient Latin compositions? The answer is obvious. They do not know where to look for better selections. That is the crux of the entire situation. Remember that the declaimers have but one day following their selection as contestants in which to get their declamation. The writer can appreciate this. He, too, gave "The Volunteer Organist." Where is one to turn for a good selection? Standard collections are out. They are filled with drivel. Some speakers prefer comedy; others, more serious topics. The solution is not difficult. Why should not a committee of masters be formed to draw up lists of suitable authors and their works, or again, why not the individual coaches? Their present function is to accept or reject the selections presented, obviously an imperfect scheme. It is only too apparent that the speakers, especially the younger boys, do not know where to find pieces.

It is therefore in a spirit of genuine interest and concern that the *Register* respectfully calls this matter to the attention of the proper authorities.

The Editor.

De Profundis

The upper half of the school too often forgets or merely ignores the inhabitants of Classes V and VI. The very best attitude of the seniors may be called one of amused toleration. It was therefore with more or less of a shock that the *Register* staff heard of "Spunky."

Spunky is distinctly a Class V creation. He is a mythical, typical American boy about 12 years old. Undoubtedly he is modeled on "Skippy." Mr. C. J. Neville of Room 230 conceived the idea of "Spunky" four years ago. From its inception it proved a great success. The boys of his English class write the adventures of Spunky. Instead of dull themes on dull subjects the boys are encouraged and stimulated by this unique idea. When we heard about it, we felt that though the idea might be good, the themes horrible. We were amazed when we saw them. Their excellence does credit to Mr. Neville and his creation. Mr. Neville has carried his idea further and has organized

"Spunky" clubs, complete with meetings and buttons. Inasmuch as "Spunky" is now four years old, the themes have become very numerous, although only the best are chosen. Mr. Neville and an editorial staff select the best which are kept in a special collection. The *Register* staff is glad to hear of this valuable training which should encourage these boys to join our staff. As it can be seen, the idea simply has no end of possibilities and each year its scope widens. In order to give a personal note to "Spunky," annual elections are held in Room 230 and a "Spunky" is chosen. The editor happens to know a few of the boys elected and they are "Spunkies" in the flesh. "Spunky" being a real boy has a varied assortment of pals who bear the names of "Skeeter," "Tubby," "Baby Faced Wilson," and even Clara his lady friend!

The first "Spunky" was Robert Tobin of Room 207 whose amazing vitality and engaging personality have won him a

wider circle of friends than perhaps any other boy in Latin School. The pictures of the boys somewhere on this page reveals their personalities very well and they fill their roles perfectly. Mr. Neville carefully notes that "Spunky" need not necessarily be a "shark" and indeed, upon reading his adventures we wonder just when or if he studies at all. The "Spunkies" succeeding Tobin have been excellent choices, yet each has a different personality. Somehow they suit all the conceptions of this tousled head boy of Class V, "Spunky." In 1936 Bob Nagle of Room 207 was "Spunky." Last year, there was Jack Anderson of Room 229 and the present title holder is Bob Hogarty of Room 230

With these preliminaries we commend you without further comment to — "Spunky."

SPUNKY, THE DETECTIVE

As Spunky was hurrying to his home-room one morning, one of the teachers stopped him: "Walk; do not run to the nearest exit! That's the rule in this school!"

"Very sorry, sir," replied Spunky respectfully, but very awkwardly as his Latin, algebra, history, and his collection

of stamps fell from his arms to the floor.

The two teachers exchanged amused looks and kept on with their conversation. Spunky did not wish to listen, but could not help hearing them, as he nervously gathered his ten pound library.

"I attended that concert featuring Beethoven's works last night," said Mr. Peters.

"Did you? I just spent the evening perambulating as usual," replied Mr. Johnson.

By this time Spunky had swept the floor of his books, gathered himself erect, and began to move towards the home-room, in a very quiet, slow manner. That word "perambulate" had startled him and made him curious. But he couldn't delay. He wished to hear more about "perambulate," but he was forced to move away from the interesting and curious conversation.

During the entire day he wondered what that word meant. A more alert boy would have looked up the word in the dictionary, but this over-exertion did not appeal to Spunky. His was a curious nature, nurtured on detective-story reading instead of the list of books in the "Outside Reading" catalog.

Mr. Johnson, who confessed to peram-



"SPUNKIES" TOBIN, HOGARTY, NAGLE, ANDERSON

bulating evenings, was a rather mysterious man, thought Spunky. None of the boys ever were very friendly with him. He was not the type to encourage comradeship. The boys always felt awed by him, always addressed him as "Pardon me, Mr. Johnson, may I speak to you?"—and waited nervously his magnanimous gesture of condescension.

At the end of the day Spunky had decided to turn detective. He would find out what this "perambulating" of Mr. Johnson meant. He would have a good excuse tonight to be away from home. It was his weekly club meeting at the gymnasium. Much as he loved the activities of his club, he decided to sacrifice this one night to trail Mr. Johnson.

Spunky found out Mr. Johnson's address. His first problem was to discover at what time the teacher left his home. Throwing all caution aside, he decided to 'phone to Mr. Johnson's home. The first time, he heard the teacher's voice at the other end of the wire.

"Hello, hello," said the voice pleasantly.

"Hello; is this Mr. Johnson?"

"Yes; what can I do for you?"

Spunky was confused. He knew not what to answer. He hung up! At least he knew that Mr. Johnson was still at home. He boarded the street-car and alighted at a drug-store at the corner of the street on which his victim lived. Going to the telephone booth the second time, he dialed the number again.

"Hello," said a feminine voice.

"Hello, is Mr. Johnson at home?"

"Why, just a moment. He is now leaving the house. I'll call him back."

Spunky hung up again. Ah, here was success! He darted out into the street, awaiting his prey. Mr. Johnson was leisurely strolling towards him. Spunky hid behind a parked automobile. So he was going to perambulate.

"I'll have a great story for the boys tomorrow," thought Spunky.

As Mr. Johnson swept by, Spunky allowed a distance of about fifty yards to

intervene. Then began the pursuit, as bold as any recorded in the Sherlock Holmes mysteries.

By two hours' time, Spunky was exhausted. Nothing had happened. He had followed Mr. Johnson from Jamaica Plain to the North Station, from the North Station to Boylston Street, where Mr. Johnson had entered Liggett's Drug Store and had refreshed himself with a hot chocolate. From Liggett's the trail led to the Museum of Fine Arts, where the teacher, dogged by Spunky, visited the exhibition of a modern painter.

"When does that perambulation begin, I wonder?" thought Spunky. "Maybe it doesn't start till midnight."

It was growing late. Spunky was forced to leave his victim at the Museum of Fine Arts. He was disconsolate. When the trail was growing hot, he must give up for the evening.

Spunky arrived at school early the next morning. He watched for Mr. Johnson to see if there were any signs, any suspicious-looking tell-tales. As Spunky waited and listened near the door of the teacher's home-room, he saw Mr. Peters coming to talk to Mr. Johnson as he had done the preceding day.

"Good morning, Mr. Johnson," welcomed Mr. Peters.

"Good morning. Any concerts last evening?"

"No, my budget calls for only one a week. But I suppose your budget offers no restrictions upon your perambulating evening?"

Spunky was all attention. There it was again; what would be Mr. Johnson's answer now?

"Yes," affirmed Mr. Johnson, "I was perambulating again last evening; and you know I had the curious feeling that someone was following me. I don't know why I had that impression . . ."

The bell rang for the home-room period. Spunky hurried to his room, perplexed, yet more determined to solve the mystery of the teacher's evenings.

For a week Spunky insisted on his foolish course. Yes, for seven nights he followed the teacher all over the town of Boston. Wearied and dispirited, Spunky thought of taking Skeeter into his confidence, but he knew Skeeter would laugh at him. And then the mystery was suddenly solved.

One day in Latin class, the word "ambulo" was being discussed. Spunky was interested.

"Give the principal parts of ambulo," said the teacher to Skeeter.

"Ambulo, ambulare, ambulavi, ambulatus," replied Skeeter, "meaning 'to walk'."

"Now, what English words are derived from this verb?"

The class was tried and found wanting in knowledge of derivatives.

The teacher continued: "There are some words; for example, 'to amble'—meaning 'to move with an easy, careless pace or with a swaying motion'; an *ambler*, one that ambles, especially an ambling horse'; '*ambulance*, *ambulatory*'—pertaining to a walker'."

Suddenly the teacher looked at Spunky and said: "Do you know any compound words made up from *ambulo*?"

"Yes, yes; I do!" shrieked Spunky. "And the most important one is *PERAMBulating*!—meaning to walk and walk, to walk up and down, and round and round, and never get tired!"

SPUNKY—A MATERIAL WITNESS

"Hello, Spunky," said Skeeter, as they were on their way to the English class. "What's your oral composition going to be about?"

"Wait till you hear me. Something stupendous—colossal—five stars, orchids—and that five points offered for the most interesting comp of the month."

"You're not squealing on the gang that broke the teacher's pointer, are you?"

"Think I'm a stool-pigeon?"

The bell cut short their conversation. After the secretary's report had been read, the teacher inquired: "What boy

wishes to deliver his composition first this morning?"

To the astonishment of the teacher and the class, Spunky raised both hands eagerly.

"What is your title?" asked the teacher.

"Murder in a Baby Carriage," replied Spunky, as the class roared its mirth and the teacher arched his eyebrows, wondering what new prank Spunky had invented. Then Spunky began a recital of a story that caused a sensation, not only in the classroom, but in the whole city.

"Well," began Spunky, perfectly at ease, calm with the assurance that he was making an impression, "I have read a few murder stories, but I never expected to witness a real murder, especially the murder of an innocent baby."

Here the teacher interrupted: "Is this something you have memorized from S. S. Van Dine or Oppenheim?—Remember, you received zero for that last composition you took bodily from the Encyclopedia Britannica."

"No, sir, this is an actual murder I witnessed last night."

The teacher sat back, curiously awaiting the development of this extraordinary introduction. The class was impressed, almost out of their seats with expectancy.

"Last evening," continued Spunky, "I was walking along near Kempton Pond, trying to think of a subject for my oral composition. It was rather dark. I decided to write about Nature on Dark Nights. Thinking that it was about to rain, I decided to return to my home, when I suddenly heard someone coming towards me. With difficulty I made out the figure of a man, pushing a baby carriage towards the water of the pond. He seemed to be intoxicated, because he laughed in a funny way, and I could hear him saying: 'Well, old dear, this will be the last of you. You won't bother us any more.'"

"Terrified, I watched him. I thought he must be a kidnapper, trying to get rid

of his victim, because he did not receive the ransom money. I suppose I should have yelled or something, but I feared he might throw me into the pond, too. He pushed the carriage into one spot after another, trying to find a place deep enough to hide his awful crime. I thought I heard a baby crying, but I wasn't sure. And then I saw him strangle the baby. He put his hands into the carriage and kept pushing down on the baby and arranging its body. I looked away. I couldn't stand the sight of a murder before my eyes. I know I was a coward, but I couldn't cry out; I couldn't even move from the spot. I hid behind a tree, helpless. Then I watched him as he pushed the carriage deeper and deeper into the dark waters of the pond. When the carriage had disappeared, the murderer turned about, uttered a wild laugh, and started away from the scene."

Again the teacher interrupted: "Spunky Tobin, do you dare to say that you are speaking of something you actually saw?"

"Yes, sir, these are absolute facts."

The class was inclined to take the story as a joke, expecting Spunky to have some surprise-ending such as a declaration that it was a dream. But Spunky's insistence and apparent sincerity puzzled them. The teacher was evidently aroused, but decided to allow Spunky to finish his startling narrative.

"When the man was departing, I tried to trail him. My courage returned. But he realized that someone was following and finally eluded me."

As Spunky finished his story, he knew he had created a sensation. Flushed and happy, he returned to his seat, awaiting the teacher's words of praise for his efforts.

"Tobin," the teacher insisted, "would you be willing to swear in court that you saw a man drowning a baby in the carriage?"

"Yes, sir, and put my hand on the Bible, too."

"And why did you not report this incident to the police or to your parents?"

"Oh, I didn't want to tell my parents, because I had sneaked out of the house without their permission."

"Will you please go to the office immediately and report this 'murder' to the Principal?"

Still incredulous, the teacher believed that Spunky had either dreamed this adventure or had convinced himself that he had seen a murder. A trip to the office might force Spunky to admit this story as a hoax, a child of his own imagination.

Half an hour later Spunky returned to inform the teacher that the principal was accompanying him to the police station.

"Why?" asked the teacher slyly. "For telling lies?"

"No, sir; he believes my story and wants me to tell it to the police. And I might get a medal for this, too," replied Spunky, swollen with pride.

After he had left the classroom in a state of excitement, which the teacher subdued with difficulty, the teacher said: "Now, boys, it is better not to mention this incident at all. I'm sure there is some mistake somewhere."

But that evening headlines appeared in all the papers, giving the sensational news that Spunky Tobin had seen a baby carriage being pushed into the waters of Kempton Pond. There were also pictures of the fire department pumping the waters from the pond, in an attempt to locate the carriage and the body of the murdered baby. Spunky's picture was placed in a conspicuous place on the front pages over the caption, "Boy Informs Police of Weird and Horrible Murder at Kempton Pond."

After the firemen had pumped the water for an hour and the contents of the pond began to recede, a breathless man ran towards the fire-chief. As soon as Spunky saw him, he exclaimed: "Chief, that's the man who did it! He's the one that pushed the baby into the river and drowned it."

"Yes, officer, yes, I did it. I pushed that baby carriage into the pond. But there was no baby in the carriage. There were only three big boulders to weight the carriage down, so that it would sink. There has been a big mistake. Let me explain. By the way, my baby is at home, happy and healthy. I heard of this over the radio and decided to right this foolishness immediately, so I've run all the way here. This may sound foolish, but it's true. The neighbors have been kidding my wife about our old baby carriage. Its been used now for eight years for our family, and twenty years by my wife's family, and five years by her mother's family. When we started using it for the ninth baby, we received so much joshing about the looks of the carriage that my wife was disgusted. She said: 'The best way is to get rid of this forever. And don't give it to the ragman or throw it in the dump, because you remember that the neighbors returned it to us the last time we tried to rid ourselves of it that way. Take it and dump it in the pond, and then

nobody can recover it and send it back to us.' That's what I did. I'm sorry this has caused you so much trouble. I didn't think a snoopy kid would be watching me perform this little act."

Poor Spunky! The man's story was true. The firemen recovered the old carriage, found the boulders in it, discovered that the baby was at home, gurgling in its new carriage. Poor Spunky—he knew the glory of a day's headline; in fact, two headlines, for the next day the story of the explanation of the Kempton Pond Baby Carriage Murder appeared in the papers.

Spunky stood some good-natured ribbing the next time he appeared in class, but there was some consolation for him at the end of the month. He received "95" in English. As he told his mother, "I may not have got '100' as a detective, and I may not have got that medal, but I got the only '95' in English that the teacher has ever given in twenty-five years."

Fraus Aut Monstrum

Ever since the dawn of history man has been trying to pierce the veil between the present and the future. Down through the ages, he has honored and feared those who asserted that they could glance into the future. The moderns of this mundane day and age scoff quite generally at the idea that the future can be foretold. Untold millions of dollars, nevertheless, are spent by the American public on fortune-tellers, mediums, and charms. So far no one has collected the \$10,000 which Harry Houdini promised to give to anyone who could perform some act of legerdemain or spiritism which he could not

duplicate. This, then, was the situation until a few weeks ago. In common with many others, I shared the opinion that such people are charlatans. Then I first learned of Michael de Nostradamus.

It was in the sixteenth century that a well-known school of medicine in France granted a diploma to one Michael de Nostradamus, and he believed he had a formula which would cure all ills and one day stay a fearful epidemic that was to break out in France. His colleagues mocked him and made pointed references that perhaps our Michael was working too hard, and perhaps, etc., etc.

Then came the horrible bubonic plague, "the Black Death," which was to destroy one-half the population of Europe. Physicians were helpless to check the disease. Men swooned at the sight of the white cross painted on the door—the symbol that the plague had struck that home. But amid all the uproar and panic, the patients of Nostradamus alone survived. His first prophecy that a great plague would strike Europe and that his formula would cure it, had been fulfilled. One of those strange quirks of fate then intervened to blast the happiness and success of the brilliant physician. He who had saved so many others could not save his own wife and children. They fell—victims to the plague.

Embittered and heart-broken, Nostradamus gave up his career. The thought that if he had known the future, he could have saved his family, kept burning itself into his brain. Why could not man, by study, by prayer, or by some new power, span the divide between to-day and to-morrow. He became a wanderer on the face of the earth. His beard grew long and his feet were soon wearied, but he kept on traveling, thinking, traveling, thinking.

Nostradamus vanishes from sight now, and for a few years no more is heard of him. Then there appears in France a pamphlet issued by Nostradamus from a lonely monastery in the mountains. It is in poetry, and the burghers laugh long and loudly when they read it. Much after the fashion of the Delphic Oracle, and couched in vague terms, Nostradamus prophesies that within the year, the three Medicis shall sit on the throne. Henry II was the king of France. In less than a year, Henry dies and the three Medicis ascend the throne and all three die. In very truth, they had sat on a throne, the same throne, and all had died. No longer did the people laugh but began to fear these pamphlets and their uncanny prophesies. Then came the announcement that Henry of Navarre would die, killed by a sword



thrust through a gilded cage. In a mock duel, Henry was accidentally stabbed by a sword through the gilded lattice-work of his armor. Nostradamus continued his prophesies. Hundreds of them are too obscure to be tested, but again and again amazing foretelling of the future occur. He foretold that London would be burned to the ground, and it was. He prophesied that in 1937 in London, a king would leave his throne to marry a girl, who was not royal, from across the water! He prophesied that Austria would be added to Germany and that in 1989 ships from the Orient would bomb and destroy Paris. Some of us will be here then, and we can test this statement. Why not Japan? Who knows? Last of all, Nostradamus predicted that the next morning, he would be found dead and he was.

What are we to think of all this? His story may be easily verified, for the original manuscript is in the British Museum.

Did he actually see farther than any other man ever did? Are his prophesies merely the good guesses of a charlatan? What do you think.

The Editor.

Gravitas

I heard an innocent child ask his mother,
"Why do the little black ants help each
other?"

I heard an eager boy solemnly say,
"I had, I threw a trout back yesterday."

I heard a grown youth by a gravestone
sigh;
Nor could I explain, nor did he try.

How can we speak of beauty and such
things,
Who have not even raised our first-flight
wings?

F. A. Grenier, '39

Epicures



(1) WHAT'S THIS?
(3) A DASH OF SALT

(2) U-M-M-M
(4) NOW, WHERE WAS I?

Alumni

Northeastern University announces its selection of Arnold E. Daum, '40 as the Editor-in-chief of the Northeastern News. Mr. Daum graduated from B. L. S. in 1935 when he designed the fine cover for the Tercentenary Issue of the Register. The names of other Latin School boys grace the mastheads of other college papers. James E. Tracy, '35 is a member of the Bowdoin Orion Staff as is Charles Meegher, '35. Thomas Casey, '36 is a staff photographer for the Harvard Crimson.

At the University of Vermont, Milton Rosenthal, '35 and David J. Steinberg, '35 attained the Dean's list ratings during the first semester.

Kiskiminitasis Springs School has ranked Joseph A. Crowley, '38 as an honor student with a ninety average.

The class of 1923 has received the title of "Medical Class" because 20 percent (123) of the class are physicians today.

We have three members of that Class on our faculty now, Mr. Hopkinson, Mr. Gordon, and Mr. Marnell. The latter has just received his appointment as an instructor at Fordham Summer School. Fredrick Sullivan who is chairman of the School Committee was a member of this class. Mr. Sullivan graduated from Harvard in 1927 where he was coxswain of the winning crew against Yale. This class furnished quite a few outstanding college athletes. Ellsworth Haggerty was captain of the Harvard track team. He was twice winner of the I.C.A.A.A.A. mile. His brother Richard, now track coach at Somerville High School was also a Harvard track star. These two runners were members of the famous Latin School team which won first place at the Penn Relays.

"Pinky" Halloran played on the great Dartmouth football teams of '24, '25, '26.

Raymond Finnegan, now a member of the Staff of the Boston American was captain of the Boston College Baseball team.

Joseph Ingolesy ran on the Boston College two mile relay team which held the worlds record.

A member of this class, Gerard Dennis Riley holds a high position in the Government. Mr. Riley graduated from Harvard in 1927 and Harvard Law School in 1930. At the Law School he was a member of the Law Review which consists of the highest ranked students in the School. Shortly after graduation he did newspaper work until he became connected with the H. O. L. C. Now a solicitor in the Labor Department he has figured prominently in the much discussed Bridges case.

Congratulations to Fred Maguire, '18 on his appointment as baseball coach at Boston College. Mr. Maguire matriculated at Holy Cross where he starred in baseball. After graduation he joined the Chicago Cubs and played with them until being traded to the Boston Braves. He finished his playing days with the Braves. Mr. Maguire is rated with the most polished fielders of the diamond game.

On the evening of Friday, March 3, a surprising number of Latin School seniors were on hand to see the debut of Bill Goulding, '37 at the Majestic. His performance was of such a high caliber that it drew unusual praise from the hard hearted reviewers. We are justly proud that Bill began his career on our stage. Incidentally, several masters who frequent the legitimate theater pronounced his Hamlet comparable to any they had seen. Leslie Howard, when last in Boston, gave Bill a part in his play. Bill was masterful, we hear as he declaimed the immortal lines "Ho, the lights."

John W. Ryan

Registri Relator Rabiens



Jan. 17. A notice called all tenors, baritones, and basses to Glee Club rehearsal. We know where they can get all the base singers they want. Ha! Ha!

Jan. 18. The Latin Club voted to have a contest. It was suggested that one Latin homeleson be eliminated for those who enter the contest. A representative of the R. R. R., echoing the sentiments of the whole school, strongly warned of such a policy. As he finished, the club stated its position: "The policy is wrong, but the idea is swell; I can't do my Latin tonight."

Jan. 19. The school authorities certainly are not fostering hockey as they do football. Football tickets cost fifteen cents and get us out of school forty minutes early; hockey tickets cost twenty-five cents and get us out only twenty minutes early.

Jan. 20. The R. R. R. has learned that Jack Tyrrell is going to conduct an unofficial poll of Class I. That is a break for you, dear reader; for when you learn who is the handsomest and most dependable, you probably will know just who the R. R. R. is.

Jan. 23. For several minutes at today's meeting of the Debating Club the audience was actually breathless, as Murphy held

them spellbound with his brilliant defense of the edibility of green celery.

Jan. 24. Today's bulletin might well have read: "Anybody who isn't on the Circulation Staff of the *Register* need not report at 2:30 in Room 117."

Jan. 25. Kingsbury, addressing the Physics Club, gave an excellent talk on photography.

Jan. 26. The higher-minded of us attended the Art Club or the Music Appreciation Club meetings today. . . . Bouquets to a red-headed Senior for his information that the Underground Railroad was the first subway.

Jan. 27. Norman Ober, a Latin grad of recent years, revisited the scene of his crimes (he declaimed from our stage) as manager of the marionette show presented today. We wonder if a puppet ever talked back, saying, "Stop pulling my leg." They say he pulled strings for that job.

Jan. 30. The Literary Club vied for Monday afternoon supremacy with the Junior Chess and Checker Club. Meyer addressed the literati on the life of Sir James M. Barrie while the R. R. R. was checkmated in Room 130. Has anyone noticed the sign in the lunchroom, "Teachers served here?" Well, one Sixth Classman went up and asked for his favorite master on toast. Some crust, we'll say.

Jan. 31. With no malice to the Dramatic Club, the R. R. R. wishes to warn against the "Teaming of the Shrewd."

Feb. 1. The day of justice is at hand. No longer must the suffering Seniors wait while the ferocious Freshmen eat all the choice morsels of the B. L. S. Cafeteria. All of which simply means that the bell schedule has been reversed. Huzzah! Tananbaum and Gale addressed the Latin Club.

Feb. 2. All worn out from attending the meetings of the Dramatic Club, Math

Club, Glee Club, and Latin Club in series (or maybe in parallel).

Feb. 3. With the consent of our readers, we beg to announce that nothing of importance occurred on the third day of February in the year of our Lord, 1939.

Feb. 6. Why plead for a pass mark? The answer's as plain as the "no's" on his face. Has everyone seen Frank Godwin's portrait of E. H. S. '39 on exhibition recently in Room 303? Such expression! (Spare it, Mr. Marson; it did look funny.)

Feb. 7. Calish spoke to the History Club on "Lincoln—His Life and Time" while "Genial Gene" Carey held sway over the Highway Safety Club with a discourse on "The Mechanics of an Automobile."

Feb. 8. The French Club held its session today and from some one of our neighbors we dug up this little rhyme-puzzle:

Je suis ce que je suis,
Je ne suis pas ce que je suis,
Si j'étais ce que je suis,
Je ne serais pas ce que je suis.

Feb. 9. O, infandum! We were refused admission to the Stamp Club. They're getting pretty stuck up with themselves, but they're bound to be licked.

Feb. 10. Classes I and II (dozed through — sat through) attended the Fourth Public Declamation.

Feb. 13. On this day do we come to school under protest; for we are charry about desecrating Lincoln's hallowed name—when we could be at home. Every one in Class I looked at the birdie for the photographer in the lunch period. As with all mass production, the product was uniform. Everyone said exactly the same thing about his picture—but the most imaginative of photographers could not make Class I good-looking. Also, the Debating Club met today.

Feb. 14. The same old system of period-changing has been re-inaugurated. There must be a "Teacher's Test Co-operative".

Feb. 15. The *Register* is out. We hope

it recovers consciousness. Macdonald's name on the Staff page has yet to be inserted with a small "d." Mac is lying in ambush for the printer. (Aren't we all?)

Feb. 16. To the Glee Club:

To see your production we pay fifty cents,
For orchestra, cast and for chorus.

By no mere deduction we feel (or sense)
With song and with laughter you'll floor
us.

So carry on, Glee Club!
While all we enjoined here,
Send you our pride and our luck.
We want you to know
That in spite of your show
You could never finagle a buck.

The above is a tribute to Latin School's Glee Club written especially for this column by "Izzy" Broke, 52.

Feb. 17. The Washington-Lincoln Exercises struck the keynote of the Winter Vacation. It made us feel so good that we couldn't help dancing (at the Class I Formal).

Feb. 18-26. We repeat what was said concerning the Christmas Vacation:

z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z

P. S. Editor-in-Chief Donlan thinks this crack is corny. So do we, but we had to fill a space.

Feb. 27. Patrons of the Lunch Room think they have the answer to the eternal question, "What is so rare as a day in June?"

Feb. 28. This is a steal; but we heard this one in the Music Appreciation Club: "What was the motif in that selection you just heard?"—"It sounded like revenge." . . . Mr. Finn wants all records in Room 225. We don't know who holds all these records, but we understand that "Tap" Purseley holds some sort of record at Kick-the Bar.

March 1. It is our sad duty to report that the corridors of Latin School are no safer than the highways of the Middle Ages. At least, there was an incredible amount of hijacking going on when Levenson, Howell, and Sarjeant passed Tyrrell, Ryan, and Wark in front of Room 303.

Domini Nostri Magistrique

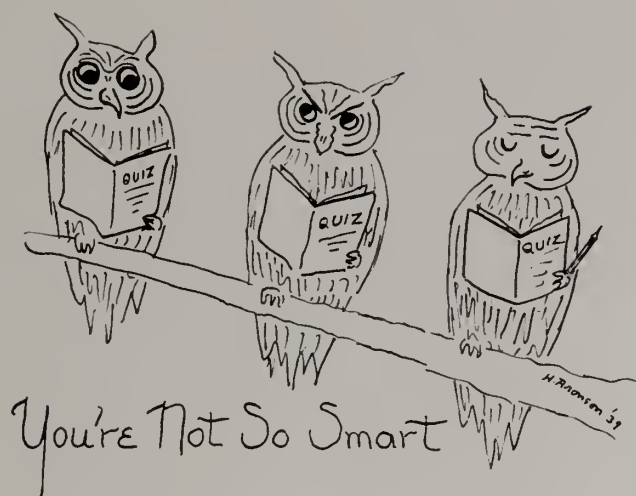
Mr. Finn of Room 225 likes to correct his English papers in the corridor . . . came here from English High in 1929 . . . married . . . hobby is music and plays piano . . . takes care of music for assemblies and advises Music Appreciation Club . . . plays around with a phonograph in the lunch period (p-s-s-s Room 226) . . . says "jazz" is all right on occasion, but prefers classical . . . likes modern composers—Debussy . . . absolutely no jazz or even semi-classical in the Hall ever . . . says there is much hidden talent in B. L. S. but boys are too busy with other things.



Mr. Peirce teaches history in Room 203 . . . came here from Commerce in 1923 . . . now department head . . . received bachelor's degree from B. U., where he played football and basketball . . . master's degree from Harvard . . . has taught history and coached athletics at several high schools . . . established debating in B. L. S. . . . now advises Junior History Club . . . Sergeant Field Artillery—Mass. National Guard . . . hobby: golf—secretary of Needham Golf Club

Mr. Hopkinson teaches Latin in Room 131 . . . came here from a New York prep school in 1929 . . . got his degrees at B. C., where he sang in the Glee Club . . . another married man . . . music his hobby; plays the marimba at Prize Declamation each year (very well, too) . . . also dabbles in photography.





1. Masters Ornati are:

Those who have left B. L. S.
Those who died during the World War.
Those who retired.
Those on leave of absence.

2. There is a plaque commemorating the first site of B. L. S. near:

The State House.
The Old State House.
City Hall.
Old South Meeting House.
Raymond's.

3. Many of you pass through it every day, but how is it spelled?

Eggleston
Egleston
Eggelston
Eglseton

4. In what year was the *Register* first published?

1900 1907 1888
1880 1790 1800

5. According to the 1938 Year Book, which college was favored by most B. L. S. boys?

Simmons, Harvard, Yale, B. U., B. C.,
M. I. T., Tufts.

6. How many Latin teachers are there in the school?

14 9 6 15 21 32 16 11

7. How many class officers are there?

10 6 5 9 8 12

8. The names of how many famous graduates are on the walls of the Assembly Hall?

28 50 74 31 62 19

9. "The Last Puritan" was written by a Latin School graduate. He was:

Benjamin Franklin, Edward Everett Hale, George Santayana, Nathaniel Broadstreet Shurtleff, Phillips Brooks.

10. How many pupils are there in the school (not including Post Graduates)?

1998 3476 2188 3321 2704

Hora Septima

The Farewell Prom will be held May 19, at the Woodland Country Club, Newton. . . . The orchestra will be announced—presently.

The Glee Club's presentation of "The Mikado" has been cancelled by the faculty advisers and common consent of the club. The March Music Festival made production of the Gilbert and Sullivan impossible at this late date. . . . However, a program at Class Day, Graduation, and Prize Declamation is promised.

The cause of the postponement of the February 20th Alumni Banquet was, of course, the sudden departure of distinguished alumnus Joseph P. Kennedy, per order of Washington. It will be held when he returns. . . .

Very remarkable was the display of interest shown by the three assemblies in the Washington-Lincoln Day exercises. These annual affairs are usually cut-and-dried—but this year it was different. Even Classes V and VI, Fidgety Phils at most assemblies, seemed interested in what the speakers had to say. Deserving of credit are Nasher, Palken, Tananbaum, and Stokes for making the exercises mean something more than a period missed, and noteworthy indeed was Donlan's forceful summary of Washington's career as a soldier and statesman. But perhaps the biggest surprise of the day was Henry Rose, who presented in a sincere and engaging manner one of the finest eulogies of Lincoln's life we've heard in or out of B. L. S. With this speech Mr. Rose has thrust himself into the ranks of Class I personalities.

In a moment of relaxation the other day: Scene, Mr. Gordon's Class I division. Mr. G.—"Howell, suppose you repeat 'Betty-Boop' over and over rapidly." Howell, with a blank look, "Betty-Boop, Betty-Boop, Bet— etc." Mr. G., breaking in, "Hy-o, Sil-ver!" Try it.

Answers to last month's queries: (1) There are 11 pictures on the Assembly Hall walls. (2) Mr. Winslow retires this year after four faculty decades. (3) B. L. S. placed an even 50 in Harvard last year.

The new crop: (1) How much money does the average six-year student spend on car-checks? (2) How does the minute hand of the classroom clock move? (3) Whose picture is on the library wall? See if you can boost your year's average with these easy ones.

The Rifle Team members don't speak to the *bourgeoise* these days. Reason? They hit the bullseye every time against Commerce, February 3, with a perfect 500. Capt. Wally Collins of Class II will sign autographs during lunch-period only, please. . .

It was by Tyrell's inspiration that the last Prom held a B. L. S. dance competition. The final choice of the audience was Lincoln Reed, Class I, with Senior Tom Stuart a close second. Lincoln promises to defend his crown at the next and last Prom in May.

Excerpt from critics' reviews of the B. C. world premiere of "Second Spring" at the Majestic. "William Goulding, as Cardinal Newman, gave . . . the most distinguished amateur performance this reviewer has been privileged to see." Another, "A superb play with superb acting is 'Second Spring.'" Third and finest tribute from the Transcript, "Goulding's finely drawn restraint and quality of voice and performance reminds one of Maurice Evans' portrayals"!! Bill, you will remember, was last year's Hamlet, and seems destined for the heights.

Mr. Shea's very engaging translation of the too peremptory "Speak louder" on the 'phone: "Alter the resistance of the carbon granules, old man!"

Russell Robinson



Agmen Purpureum



PURPLE-BLUE TIE

February 23, 1939—Captain "Bob" Radley led the Purple and White puck-chasers onto the ice today for the last scheduled game of the 1939 season. Although we had a few good opportunities to score, the game was closely contested.

At the beginning of the game, English pressed us quite hard; but we emerged unscored upon after every Blue barrage had been repulsed. We had very few "breaks" in the opening period, and the fast back-checking of every player made this period a defensive one. Very few "saves" were made by both goal-tenders, because both outer defenses were exceptionally good.

As the second period started, each team changed its tactics and began to play an

offensive game. More than once there were considerable large pile-ups in front of each net, but the disc failed to penetrate the "weaving." "Bunny" Rowen here was given a penalty for an illegal check, which dimmed our prospects, but an English man immediately followed him to the "cooler," for tripping. Neither of these penalties affected the outcome, for neither team took advantage of them. Play then centered in the neutral zone, until "Tommy" Higgins got a "break" and skated in on the goal-tender; but his shot was wide of its mark. Lawson also got a "break," but was caught just as he was about to shoot. This second period gave us our best chances to score.

Discounting the two minor penalties in the second period, this third session was the liveliest of all. With the puck moving up and down the ice, "Bob" Radley chased

it into the center zone and struggled for it with an opponent, but the enemy fell and "Bob" was penalized. This penalty seemed wrong, as the Blue and Blue player had been on the ice a greater part of the game. An English defenseman who had been handing out very vicious checks the whole game, crossed our blue line, but was stopped by a well timed check. Both teams fought hard to score the deciding goal, but neither succeeded.

The game put us in a tie for second place in the league.

Lineup: R.W.—Cullen, Reid; C.—Mulhern, McCarthy, Bolger; L.W.—Radley, Lawson; R.D.—Higgins; L.D.—Rowen; G.—Brennan.

Harry O'Hare

LATIN ROMPS

Boston Latin showed its heels to Trade, Commerce and Dorchester in a quadrangular meet. Jim Connolly met his first defeat of the season as he ran second behind Griffin of Dorchester. In class B the Latin boys really went to town. Dave Roche, Jerry Drake and Joe Carey finished second, third and fourth in the 600. Leo Frank, Paul Hourihan, Phil Feldman finished first, second and third in the 50. While Harry Keefe and Bill Coughlin finished second and third in the 300 yard run. Just to make it a perfect day the relay went out and won by seventy-five yards over their rivals. This team, which has been undefeated, was composed of: Leo Frank, Phil Feldman, Harry Keefe and Paul Hourihan.

In Class C Neyhus got a first place in the hurdles and Bill Connolly won the dash. The relay composed of Harry Clark, John Fitzgerald, Art Neyhus and Bill Connolly also won. Henry Beiman and Irving Canner won the 220 and the dash, respectively, in Class D.

The Latin point winners were:

CLASS A

300—Sumner Calish, fourth.

600—Ed Bryant, third.

1000—Jim Connolly, second.

CLASS B

60—Frank, Feldman, Hourihan.

Hurdles—George Early, Chuck Arnstein, second, third.

300—Keefe, Coughlin, second, third.

600—Roche, Drake, Carey, second, third, fourth.

CLASS C

50—Connolly, O'Brien, first, third.

Hurdles—Meyhus, first.

220—Clark, second.

440—Ellis, second.

CLASS D

50—Canner, Gould, first, fourth.

Hurdles—Smith, Cossaboom, Casey, second, third, fourth.

220—Beiman, Clifford, McIntyre, first, second, fourth.

176—Woolfson, third.

Harry Keefe, '39

ENGLISH WINS

English High again ploughed its way through Latin School in their yearly systematic rout. But Latin did not fair so poorly in the events in which they had enough men to compete with the limitless strength of the Blue and Blue squad.

Jim Connolly and Walter Morris made it one, two in the 1000 just to show the boys from Montgomery St. that it can be done. Chuck Arnstein snuggled into second place in the B hurdles to help out the Latin cause. Harry Keefe gathered a second place in the B 300. Leo Frank really went to town as he won the B dash.

Harry Clark had them standing in their seats as he pulled the race out of the bag to win the C 220 in the last six inches. Bill Connolly continued his undefeated streak as he won the C dash. Bill Ellis failed to place in the C 440 after being

jostled on a corner. Bill may not be able to run again this season because of the injury he received.

Jim Cheverie placed second in the D 176, running behind Kline of English. Henry Beiman completed an undefeated season, as he galloped to an easy win in the D 220. Irving Canner put his head down and with a tremendous burst of speed snatched off first place in the D dash.

Perhaps the most satisfying race for Latin was its win in the B relay. Previously both Latin and English had been disqualified in the Relay Carnival and both teams were out for revenge. Some day Latin is going to beat English at track, until then the Purple and White supporters will just have to save their yells and hope, hope!

Harry Keefe, '39

THE REGGIES

The Boston school boy track season was closed with the running of the Class A relay final. The meet was held in the spacious Irvington St. Armory, home of the Reggies. This race, in which South Boston was disqualified and English won to snatch the crown from Mechanics, was typical of the excellent competition in the meet.

Latin had qualified 18 boys and was expected to make a fair showing. Yet when the points were counted Latin was in third place behind English and Mechanics. Earlier in the year Memorial had swamped us in a dual meet and it was not expected that we would outpoint them. This shows that Latin loses meets not because of the quality of its runners, but because of the quantity.

Latin managed to place only one man in Class A, Jim Connelly who placed third in the 1000. Coming down to Class B we find that Latin fared much better, placing four men, Harry Drake and Joe Carey, third and fourth in the 600 yard run, Phil Feldman, fourth in the 50 and Harry Keefe, fourth in the 300.

Class C found a couple of our boys snatching off second places. Bill, the Red, Connolly, off to a poor start was beaten for the first time this season. In the dual meets Bill had equaled the Reggie record twice and was a strong favorite to win. But the real surprise of the day was supplied by Harry Clark. Running in the 220, Harry got a wow of a start and led St. Clair Ward of Trade, who has never been beaten, till the very last foot where he was just nosed out.

Moving down to the little fellows, by age only, we find Henry Beiman and Irving Canner. Henry was another of our boys who had gone undefeated during the season. In his 220 final, Henry was pitted against the District champ and was forced to take his first defeat of the season. Last but not least we have Irving Canner, Latin's only first place winner. Irving not only won his 50 yard race, but equaled the record as well. Previously Irving had placed in the broad jump, thus establishing himself as Latin's high scorer, not only for this meet, but for the season. Bunney Rowen, garnered our only first place in the field events, competing in his first meet of the year—practice makes perfect?

BASEBALL

Every March the drill hall is filled with candidates, eager to show the Coach their wares. And this year is no exception! However, as everyone knows, only a select few will remain after the Coach has chosen his team. This year's team, as the reports have it, will be a "snappy" outfit. However, Mr. Fitzgerald doesn't seem too optimistic, and says, with a shrug of his shoulders, "We'll see."

These men are outstanding: "Red" Radley, "Lou" Clements, "Jim" Connolly, "Tom" Higgins, "Ernie" Nedvins, "Jim" Rooney, "Syd" Manekofsky, "Red" Connolly, "Wally" Hoar, "Bob" Mulhern, "Finnie" Fineran.

"Jim" Connolly, one of last year's ace hurlers, will be turned into an outfielder ;

if the Coach can find a short-stop, "Red" Radley, last year's short-stop, will catch; "Tom" Higgins, Latin's all-around man, is undecided what position he will play, but he adds modestly, "The coach knows that he can depend upon me for any place"; "Lou" Clements will again receive all-Scholastic rating.

The pitching staff is well-rounded. The only thing lacking is a good south-paw to take the place of "Dick" Dobbyn.

Jack Foley, '39

1939

BOSTON LATIN BASEBALL SCHEDULE

April 20	Jamaica Plain—Draper
24	Trade—Draper
26	Groton—Groton
27	Roslindale—Draper
May 3	Harvard Freshman
5	Boston College High—Draper
11	Memorial—Franklin
13	Brockton—Brockton
15	Commerce—Smith
18	Mechanics Arts High—Draper
20	Lawrence—Groton
26	Dorchester—Draper
29	Brighton—Rogers Pk.
June 3	English—Billings

TENNIS

During the past few years, our Tennis team has been winning honors on courts all over the city. It has done all this without publicity. Indeed, it may be a surprise to many that we have a Tennis team. Because of a school ruling, it cannot be given official recognition but as the Purple and White it has carried our colors successfully for three years. The team is now being organized under the guidance of the versatile Mr. Gordon who combines an interest in the Glee Club with the coaching activities. Mr. Gordon, himself, is an old Harvard athlete and knows more about Latin school sports than many an all-knowing student. Ray Nasher will captain this year's team. Phil Jackson, who performed so brilliantly on the foot-

ball field, has arranged a stiff schedule for the team which includes also Cullen and Lawson. Phil has entered the team in both the Harvard and Massachusetts Interscholastic championships. Anyone who is interested in tennis should drop down to the Drill hall where practice is held periodically.

The schedule follows:

April 29	—Tufts
May 1	—Roxbury Latin
May 8	—Winchester
May 12	—Brookline
May 17	—Newton
May 19	—Worcester
May 22	—Huntington
To be announced	—Boston College

DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS

Speaking of drops, there were many shed after that Mechanics hockey game . . . Mr. Fitzgerald wants to know where dashman "Bill" Connolly has been hiding until this year . . . "Jim" Connolly, our 1000-yard star, couldn't even win the "most handsome" title with the aid of the make-up he sported at a recent hockey game . . . The following was heard at B. C. after one of their big track meets. *Contestant*: "I guess there won't be much practicing today, will there, Coach?" *Mr. Ryder*: "No, just jog three miles and go home." . . . Latin School seems to be the farm for all the other high schools, for ex-Latinites are now playing on at least four other Boston high school hockey teams . . . Fred Keyes and "Red" Tully are early reporters for the Harvard baseball team . . . The nucleus of this year's hockey team returns again next year; so prospects look bright . . . We may have an independent golf team . . . Tennis candidates practice weekly in the Gym . . . As the hockey and indoor track seasons are nearly completed, sports enthusiasts are now turning their attention on baseball. In this sport we are hoping to have a banner year.

Harry O'Hare '39

Cachinnemus

"DAFFY NITIONS"

(a) Singe—very easy; as, "This exam is a singe."

(b) Centipedes—one cent each; as, "These candies cost a centipedes."

(c) Plague—a story acted out.

(d) Detail—what a dog wags.

One day, as I chanced to pass,
A Beaver was damming a river,
And a man who had run out of gas,
Was doing the same to his flivver.

Will: "I graduated from Shoe College."

Bill: "Shoe College? I never heard of that."

Will: "Sure, it's a little higher than Oxford."

A small boy had fallen into the stream
but had been rescued.

"How did you come to fall in?" asked
the bystander.

"I didn't come to fall in," the boy ex-
plained, "I came to fish."

French boy: "Je t'adore."

American Girl: "Shut it yourself,
you're nearest it."

Teacher: "Does the question bother
you?"

Student: "Not at all; it's the answer
that bothers me."

Mr. S.: "This gas is deadly. What
steps would you take if it should escape."

Bright Pupil: "Long ones."

PAGING MR. W.

Senior: "What's the charge for this
battery?"

Garageman: "Six volts."

Senior: "How much is that in Amer-
ican money?"

6th Classman: "What's your name?"

5th Classman: "Graham."

6th Classman: "Gee, I hope you're not
one of those wise crackers."

Mr. Levine: "I suppose you saw the
great tracts of barren waste when you
were in France."

Traveling Senior: "Oh my yes. He
has a wonderful estate."

New Pupil: "Is Mr. W. in favor of
the new dances?"

Frosh: "All but one."

N. P.: "And which is that?"

Frosh: "The Latin Trot."

And then there are a great many seniors
who think that Wheeling, West Virginia,
is a hard job.

6th Classman: "I want a peck of
apples."

Clerk: "Do you want Baldwins."

6th Classman: "Do you think I want
some with hair on."

His sister called him Willie,
His mother called him Will,
But when he went to college,
To Dad t'was Bill, Bill, Bill.

The sun is low, to say the least,
Although it is well-red;
Yet, since the rise is in the yeast
It should be better-bred.

—Gelett Burgess

Frosh: "Bill, old man, can you let me
have five . . .?"

Soph: "No . . ."

Frosh: ". . . minutes of your time?"

Soph: ". . . trouble at all."

—American Boy.

A European visitor to America suggests
that fish should be spelled "GHOTI."
"Gh," as pronounced in "rough," "o," as
in "women," and "ti," as in "nation." ob-
viously spells *fish*.

—American Boy.

Foreman of electrical shop: "Do you
know anything at all about electrical
apparatus?"

B. L. S. Graduate applying for job:
"Yes, sir."

Foreman: "What is an armature?"

B. L. S. G.: "Oh, that's a guy who
sings on the Major Bowes' Radio Pro-
gram."

—American Boy.

"Indulge in no flights of imagination on
this theme you are to write," admonished
the teacher, who admired veracity; "just
write what is within you."

And she was surprised when one little
embryo author turned in the following:
"In me is me stommick, lungs, hart, liver,
two apples, one piece of pie, one stick of
lemon candy, and my dinner."

—The Laughter Library.

ANOTHER BONER

"A volcano is a mountain that throws
out hot saliva."

SCIENTIFICALLY CORRECT

Teacher: "Johnnie, what month has 28
days?"

Johnnie: "All of 'em."

In a country newspaper appeared the
following advertisement:

"The man who picked up my wallet on
Fore Street was recognized. He is re-
quested to return it."

The next day this reply was published:

"The recognized man who picked up
your wallet requests the loser to come at
any time and call for it."

S. L. Borofsky, '39

S. M. Greenfield, '39

ANSWERS

1. Those who have left B. L. S.
2. Near City Hall.
3. Egleston.
4. 1880.
5. Harvard.
6. 16.
7. 9.
8. 31.
9. George Santayana.
10. 2188.

- 100—Gaudeamus igitur
- 90—Congratulations
- 80—Thou art a scholar!
- 70—Room for improvement
- 60—Considerable room for improvement
- 50—Not everyone is a genius
- 40—On a par with the R. R. R.
- 30—Better luck next month
- 20—There's still hope
- 10—Never say die
- 0—Amen!

Henry Aronson, '39

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